



For a community noted as being the center of musical art, Salt Lake during the past week acquitted herself very poorly. One almost wonders whether public spirit here is indulging in a long nap, when he sees the beggarly response accorded the Theater management's appeals on behalf of the Metropolitan Opera Co. The auction sale for the choice of seats for the proposed visit was a complete failure, less than \$100 having been realized as a bonus. Perhaps the thought of entering into an auction sale scared off some people who would be willing to join in a subscription list to induce this great company to visit us. We would favor giving the public the benefit of the doubt, and trust that an endeavor will be made to work up a subscription list before all hope is abandoned of booking the engagement. There are certainly many wealthy people here who would not like to have it out that Lincoln, Nebraska, could do for music what Salt Lake could not. We believe that there are twenty public spirited citizens here who would give \$100 each if seen personally by the Theater owners, and with such a bonus the opera company's visit might be made a possibility. If they are allowed to pass us by it will be something that musical Salt Lake should hang its head over for years to come.

With the last night of the year, the curtain that descends at the Grand theater, will also descend on Mr. M. E. Mulvey's connection with theatricals in Salt Lake. The Pickwickian form and pleasant features of that gentleman will therefore be seen no more in their accustomed places around the popular little house, and we take this occasion of saying that they will be very greatly missed. Entering into the theater arena with little or no previous experience, Mr. Mulvey has made himself a decided factor from the start, and our public is indebted to him for many a pleasant evening's entertainment, while newspaper men have received many courtesies at his hands, and newspaper business offices, have invariably had their contracts lived up to the letter. A very shrewd business man in Mr. Mulvey's eyes, he has not only managed his affairs with a shrewdness more markedly in any instance than in the deal he has just made, we are not aware of. Well founded reports say that he had just about made up his mind that the present season should be his last in theatrical life, long before Mr. Kallman came to Salt Lake, so when he was offered \$5,000 to retire, it is not likely that he has any other plans, relating to the matter. He certainly has the big end of the bargain, as the lease on the property has only nine more years to run, and then the building goes over to the owner of the lot, the lot being owned by the city. He can expect disaster, for there is no place on earth where the public patronizes things it likes, and stays away from those it does not, as in Salt Lake City.

Now that the Ralph Cummings stock company is a thing assumed, it will be of interest to know something of its record. The company is owned by Mr. Kallman, who has been here for several weeks engineering the deal with Mr. Mulvey, and Mr. Cummings, leading actor of the organization. Mr. Cummings played leads with Mansfield for a number of years. He can only expect disaster, for there is no place on earth where the public patronizes things it likes, and stays away from those it does not, as in Salt Lake City.

There is an Alvin Joslin company traveling through New Jersey, in spite of the fact that Alvin Joslin is dead. Henry Miller, who has been ill with throat trouble for several months, has abandoned all hope of playing again for some time and will go to the south of France to recuperate. Harold Russell is a member of Blanche Walsh's company, which is making a great success in the play of "Marcello." The Canadian papers just at hand speak highly of Mr. Russell's delineation of the part of "De Birsas."

Augustus Thomas's royalties on "Arizona" this season will amount to about \$5,000, it is said. In addition to this, he has three other dramas from his pen being played, and if they do half so well it will prove a profitable season, indeed, for this particular dramatist.

Ogla Nethersole sailed for this country last week and will open her tour at Wallace's Theater on October 22nd in "Sapho." During the engagement she will also play "Madame." Miss Nethersole has spent her summer vacation in Scotland.

James A. Herne has settled down for a very successful one, the receipts being heavier than at any other performance of the present season, except on the big conference night here. Everything went with great favor, the encores being even more numerous than in Salt Lake. A brief estimate of the production would be that the company had lived fully up to its old standards in the way of cast, costume and production, but that the opera itself falls many notches below such work as the "Chimes of Normandy," "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" and "A Trip to Africa." Indeed it does not please the ear so much as "Madame," even though De Koven has a much better position as a composer than Julian Edwards, who wrote that work. But Mr. DeKoven never had to write himself out with "Robin Hood," as nothing else he has since produced has met with anything like the same success. It is pleasant to note that the public seems to have no disposition to blame the company for any shortcomings of the opera, for the patronage bestowed upon "The Mandarin" has been as generous as that given any of the company's work in the past. Indeed, the receipts will run somewhat in excess of those of "Madame." This is especially gratifying, as the work of preparing the "Mandarin" in costumes, scenery and the royalty charges, has been more expensive than any other opera yet attempted.

The theater will be dark until next Friday and Saturday, and Saturday matinee, when the "Black

Crook Jr." company holds the boards. The Arnold Opera company originally held the dates, but the company turned back before reaching this far westward. "Black Crook Jr.," as its name indicates, is a rattling extravaganza and ballet production.

The extremely popular farce comedy, "A Hot Old Time" again comes to the Grand for an engagement of three nights and a matinee, beginning Monday evening, October 15th. It was one of the most pronounced hits of last season, and for the present tour every-

NEW AMERICAN "THEODORA." Minnie Tittell Brune Will Star and Wear Fanny Davenport's Costly Costumes.



America at last is to have a "Theodora" of its own. Sarah Bernhard's production in French fifteen years ago has made the theater-going public eager for an English presentation of Sardou's wonderful play. Fanny Davenport bought the American rights and had magnificent gowns made in Paris, but never produced the play, owing to the enormous expense entailed by the requisite scenic effects. Now Mrs. Brune has purchased the rights and costumes once owned by the great Davenport, and is to star the continent, opening at Boston, October 22nd.

When the curtain goes up all the members of the company are lined up as though the piece were concluded, and this line up was just the thing that I wanted. There was no demonstration, although I think one man did start to hiss, at which my heart went palpating, but I can never forget how curious the half dozen members of the company looked, as they stood there in front of the curtain, in a farce supposed to be very funny, every man Jack of them with a piece of crepe around his arm.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Maurice Barrymore will not play Raymond Crawley with Minnie Madden this season.

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ing the play its greatest production since Shakespeare finished it. The metropolitan critics have found no fault with Mr. Mansfield's production, and they have also congratulated him upon his enactment of the role.

The night after Lincoln was shot, nearly every theater in the country was closed, says Stuart Robson in his memoirs. It is impossible now for the younger generation to appreciate the tremendous feeling that was aroused by Booth's dastardly act, but more than impossible, if such a thing there be, for the younger generation to appreciate what ridiculous precautions the theatrical profession was obliged to go to in order to retrieve itself. I had been playing in Philadelphia for two seasons and came to be somewhat of a favorite, and in consequence appeared in nearly every performance. When the theater reopened after the funeral of the President, I went to Mrs. Drew, the manageress, and said that I desired whatever I appeared in that night. I should be "discovered" that is, when the curtain went up I should be on the stage with some one else. It was rather generally known that I was a southerner, that I had lost several brothers in the war, and I feared if I should come on alone there would be a demonstration which would be far from pleasant. Mrs. Drew agreed with me, and we put on "Slasher and Crasher," a farce,

opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Basil Hood. The fact, however, is only a consolation one, for as our Charles Frohman has dabbled in musical attractions he has met with failures. It seems odd that so shrewd a manager of theatrical affairs should not be successful in this branch of the business, but it is true nevertheless.

Our musical circles will regret to learn that Miss Sallie Fisher is to return from Salt Lake. New years in company with her parents, she will go to New York, where Mr. and Mrs. Fisher intend opening a small hotel for young lady students from outside points. Miss Sallie's parents, who go to New York to study art, will make her home with them during the winter. Miss Fisher's loss will be especially felt by the local opera company, as she has done nothing neater and dandier for a long time than her part in the "Mandarin."

Prof. McClellan is in receipt of a letter from Miss Emma Ramsey, the young contralto from Provo, who is now studying in Berlin with Madame von Seuff, in which she states that her teacher is paying her loving interest, and that she had said our Utah girl was as well as singing in the Emperor William Memorial church, the finest in Berlin. If she continued to make such healthy progress, Madame von Seuff is the solo soprano here, and will be in position to carry out her flattering promise. The many friends of Miss Ramsey will rejoice to hear of her progress.

Bicknell Young, the eminent Chicago baritone and tenor, speaks as follows of Hugh Douglas: "Mr. Hugh Douglas is a teacher of voice whom I can gladly recommend. He has the singer's instinct, and during the time he studied with me he was most conscientious. He acquired sound judgment in the detection of vocal defects and in the best way of correcting them. He knows what it means to sing on the breath, and to know that, is to know the true basis of good voice production."

Mr. Douglas has opened a studio at No. 39 North West Temple street and his lessons of beginning to study should be so at once, as the best hours are being rapidly filled in.

Half an hour later we are all sitting at luncheon at the Crown hotel. And such laughing, merry party! I was told, now she is telling us that Chicago is called Sheenewagon, that she has only had six singing lessons in her life, that her "trainer" is an artist, fully qualified for his job, and that she will not even allow her a glass of wine at luncheon, till she has made her debut, that her little son is just four years old, and is the dearest little fellow on earth, that I really must drive over to Broadway to see him before returning to London, that the only thing she ever refused her husband was a promise to practice singing half an hour every day—and so forth and so on. Bubbling with sheer happiness and laughter, merry as a madcap of sixteen, she asks Tony, my husband, to look after the Press, myself, while she takes a rest before the trying ordeal of a first appearance.

Seats for the concert had been selling for ten shillings, seven and sixpence, five shillings, two shillings and one shilling. These were unheard of prices for an evening, and all for charity, too—something connected with the monastery over at Broadway village, where the name Navarro is one to conjure with, and all our good friends, the Navarros, live in a magnet for rusticking artists and other people of the London world.

MARY ANDERSON REAPPEARS IN A VILLAGE CONCERT.

Of the performance itself I hardly dare speak, criticism not being my forte. The piece of resistance, as the critics would say, was beyond question Miss de Navarro herself. Good old black lace she came upon the platform, smiling recognition here and there to friends in the audience. And the way the back benches cheered, brought back recollections of triumphs where thousands had cheered themselves hoarse in like manner. A little playful extroversion with Mr. Korhay as to where the child should sit, the first appearance of the young prima donna, who had been living these ten years in Broadway village close by. Only a prima donna could sing like that, and not many prima donnas ever could sing with that freshness of voice and suggestive of singing in a village choir.

Yet it could hardly be a prima donna who responded so freely with encore after encore, and who stood there before us smiling mischievously while her pianist and "trainer" wished her to sing one song, while she insisted on singing another! Just how many songs she sang I cannot tell. The program said five. With encores to each that would mean ten, but I am sure there were more. Anyhow it was one long sunny afternoon of song, and it was too soon to a close by the inexorable train time.

After the performance was over, everybody waited to crush into the waiting room and the platform to say "Thank you."

"That last number was just too much for me," she said, with a suspicion of a tear in her laughing eyes. "It was the music from the 'Tale,' in which I made my first appearance in London years ago. They were playing it all I went on the stage, and stranger still, the musicians who played it were the same as those who had positively my last appearance in public"—James P. Holland in the London Daily Mail.

HOW A TENDERFOOT UNCOVERED A FORTUNE

One of the most remarkable developments that have occurred in Gilpin county, Colorado, for many years, the original gold field of the State, was made in the Freedom lode on Wimbago Hill a short time ago, says a Colorado paper. It is a noteworthy fact also that until now no great mines have been opened in that quarter. I have tramped over it a thousand times without ever suspecting the existence of treasure in its depths. While a few rich pockets of deep-seated quartz have been found near the surface and speedily exhausted, very little deep mining has been done on any portion of which for nearly forty years no level-headed miner would risk his reputation or money upon. The Freedom lode is the property of General Hal Sizer, a noted mining engineer, who alone and with other owners a great deal of mining ground, of it operated under leases. To indicate the value he placed upon this particular vein he gave a bond and lease upon it for \$15,000 to an eastern

gentleman possessed of ample means, who knew nothing of mining and for whom the Wimbago lode had no terrors, but was anxious to try his hand at gold digging just as an experiment. He has been sinking and developing it for nearly two years, expending about \$2,000 in efforts to make a mine. A few weeks ago he uncovered in the lower workings a large body of extremely rich ore. It has already been exposed in two levels a distance of 150 feet. This is more than sufficient mineral in sight at this time to pay for the property and repay every dollar expended upon it. The strike has been a subject of conversation among miners ever since it occurred, because of the strength of the vein and the extraordinary values obtained. They can't quite comprehend how a "tenderfoot" utterly ignorant of the profession, should be able to distance all known prospects, notwithstanding the well known fact that many of the phenomenal strikes in nearly all mining districts have been made by men of no special prospectors. There is nothing like it in the country, no ore taken out within the recent recollections of the older or younger inhabitants that compares with the Freedom lode. It is a lode of ore that has given out nothing more than ordinary value since the

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THE SONG.

The cries of children playing outdoors become hushed. Workmen stand gazing in amazed bewilderment. Miss Fannie would like to be arrayed in silver and beautiful and radiant for him to behold. Yes, it is Rosalind singing, and yet somehow not the Rosalind we knew. There is all the old arch witchery of the forest rhymer, the merry sparkle, the dainty, roguish glances, the bewitching smile in the old, old days. But surely that glorious volume of song did not belong to the Rosalind we knew? Some sweet singing fairy must have taken our "Our Mary" with a wedding gift of song. But whence comes that warmth of feeling, vibrant and mellow as the song of the thrush? Visions of the Galathea, cold as marble, fade into the air as if that full, rich voice fills the empty hall.

Professor Daynes will give a piano and acolian recital at the parlors of the Daynes Music company tonight at 8 o'clock. The affair is by invitation only.

Mr. Squire Coop, the well known pianist and accompanist, leaves today for Europe. He expects to remain away about two years studying in Berlin and Vienna. While he will devote most of his attention to the piano and composition, he intends to take special instruction in conducting and the direction of choruses. His friends in Utah wish him success in his endeavors.

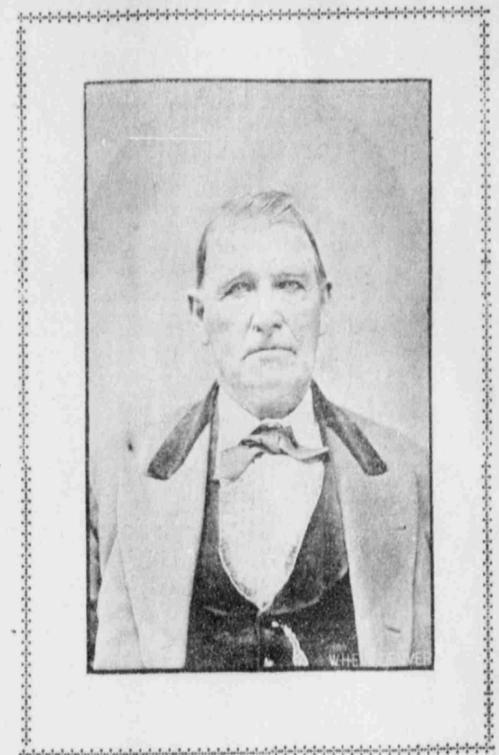
Mr. B. B. Young and wife will be heard at the Theater on the night of December 15th. Their concert is in the hands of Mr. Hugh Douglas, who will no doubt make it a success, as no outside singers who visit Salt Lake are more popular here than they. They will also probably be heard in Ogden and Provo.

Miss Carrie Bridewell, as sister of the well-known vocal teacher of this city, Mrs. Kate Bridewell-Anderson, is one of the artists accompanying the Grau Metropolitan Opera company. For three years she was solo contralto of Dr. Parkhurst's church and sang with Madame Sembrich in the Maine Festival, given in Bangor and Portland last year.

The Tabernacle choir spent a two-hour rehearsal on Handel's "Praise the Lord" last Thursday evening. Prof. Stephens drilled them in his vigorous style, and very fine progress was made. The work will be continued at next Thursday's practice in the Tabernacle. An encouraging increase in the attendance was noticeable.

Much is being written concerning the failure of "The Rose of Persia," the

OLD SALT LAKERS.



BISHOP LEONARD W. HARDY.

Bishop Hardy, who was for many years Bishop of the Twelfth ward and counselor to Presiding Bishop Hunter and later to Bishop Preston, was one of the most active figures in the Church during the first fifty years of its history. Few men had a wider reputation for benevolence of character, strict temperance and rugged uprightness. He was born in Bradford, Essex county, Mass., on December 31, 1805, and was baptized by Elder Orson Hyde December 2, 1832. He left on a mission to England in 1844, and had charge of the Preston conference. He was seized with the smallpox during his stay there, but recovered through the administration of the Elders. Before he left England, Elder Wilford Woodruff bestowed a blessing upon him, in which he told him that his last days should be spent as one of the leading Bishops in the land of Zion. This, Bishop Hardy often remarked, was a severe trial to his faith, for he could never comprehend being a leading Bishop in Zion. The future events of his life, however, fulfilled the promise. Bishop Hardy was captain of the first fifty in a company which crossed the plains in 1850. The company was attacked by the cholera and eleven members died; he himself was visited with the disease, but was again preserved by the power of the Elders. He was ordained a Bishop on April 6, 1856, and presided both over the Twelfth ward and the Eleventh ward. He was set apart as first counselor to Bishop Hunter October 12, 1856, acting until Bishop Hunter's death, when he was appointed first counselor to Bishop Preston, and acted in that capacity up to the time of his death. He visited his native State in 1869, filling an honorable mission. His death resulted from paralysis on July 31, 1884, at Sugar House ward.

Days of old John Gregory and Green Russell. I asked Mr. Sayr if he thought the issue would take up the bond at maturity, and he said: "You bet he will." He has pounded away for a long time, patiently, cheerfully and in the perennial hope that what he sought would come along in due time. Having not always with the strong nor the race abundant means, plenty of leisure, inspired by a fascination for the business he had undertaken, a firm resolve to work out the problem, he has struck a solution which at the outset fairly staggered him as it did everybody else. When they learned its extent and value, which reminds us that "the battle is not always with the strong nor the race with the swift."

MILLION DOLLAR OFFER WITHDRAWN.

Great interest was aroused throughout the country some months ago by the announcement that Mr. Rous, a wealthy New Yorker, had offered the sum of one million dollars to any one who would cure him of blindness. The New York Herald of a recent date contains the following in relation to the offer: Charles Broadway Rous announced yesterday the withdrawal of his offer of \$1,000,000 to any person who would cure his blindness. "No further test will be made," said Mr. Rous. "I submit to the will of a power higher than those of earth. The experiments on the eyes of my paid substitute, James J. Martin, have been without result. I am satisfied that I am destined to remain blind for the remainder of my days."

Paralysis of the optic nerve, with which Mr. Rous has been afflicted for the last five years, is pronounced incurable by eminent oculists. Hundreds of alleged healers, eye doctors, Christian Scientists, divine healers, second sight seers, hypnotists, spiritualists and disciples of Buddha and Confucius called upon Mr. Rous or wrote to him that they could cure his malady. Most of them wanted pay in advance or pay during treatment, but Mr. Rous told them to first demonstrate their ability by curing Martin. His substitute, who made the attempt failed, and Martin, like his employer, is hopelessly blind today.

Mr. Rous said that he had terminated his contract with Martin, and under no circumstances will he undergo another test. He is sixty-four years old.

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